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CARNATION

PETALS



LOIS FOX

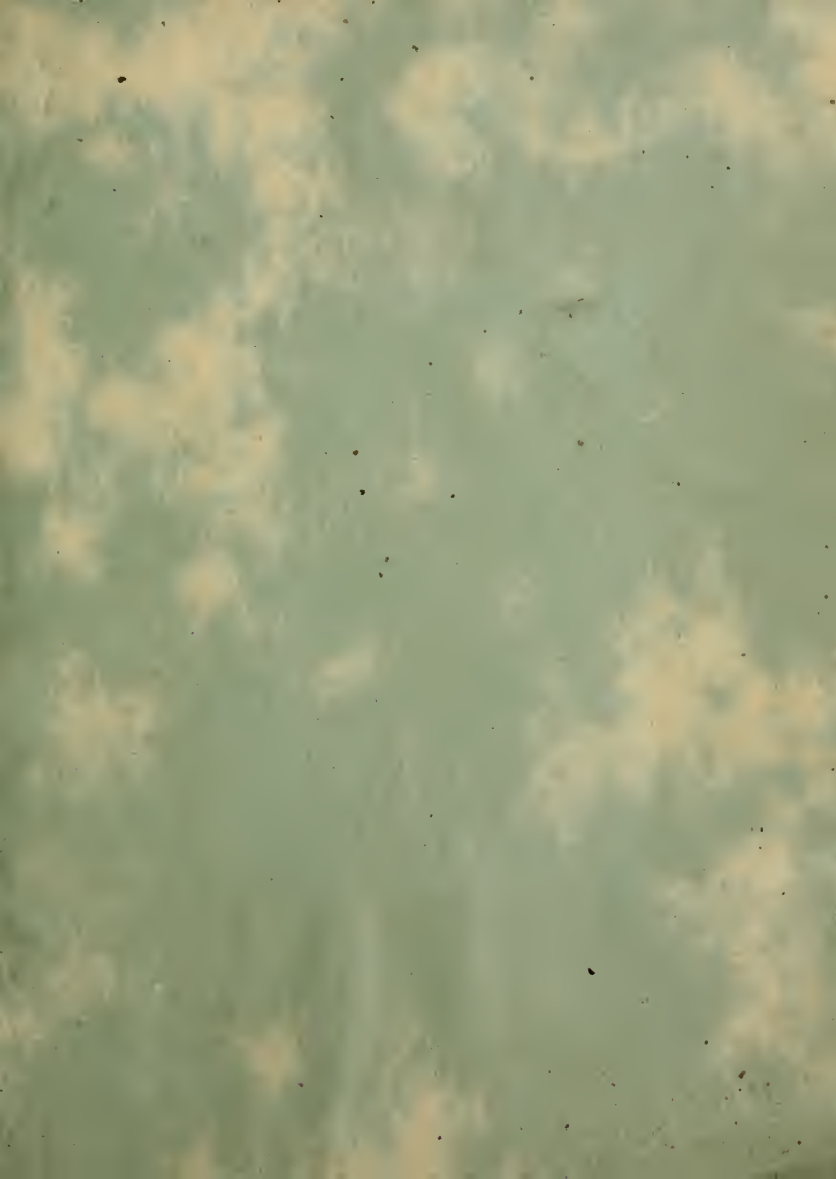


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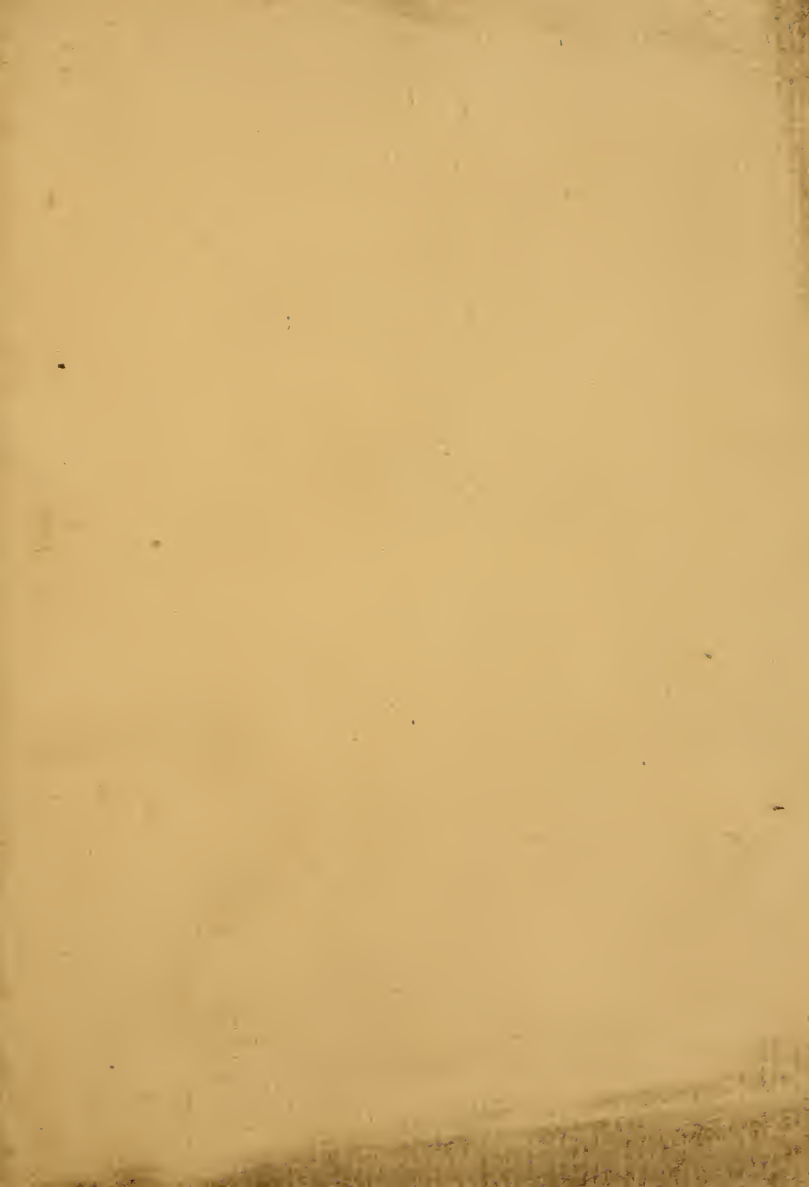
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Carnation Petals



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by
Lois Fox

no. 27-





Miss Fox

Carnation Petals

By

Lois Fox



The Schilling Press, Inc.
137-139 East 25th St.
New York

PS 3511
6967C3
1915

31

#2.00

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FEB 16 1916

No 1.

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CARNATION PETALS


To a Red Carnation

To S. A. P.

I love you, little flower,
Far more than all the rest.
You bring to me sweet memories
Of days when I was blest.

How pungent is your fragrance!
When ill of heart and sad,
Pondering o'er your beauty
My soul and I grow glad.

I love you, little flower—
No dearer in creation!
You bring to me sweet memories—
O lovely red carnation!





Foreword

This little book is an added bond
between me and my friends.

L. F.



I Am

"And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM."
—Ex. iii, 14.

I



AM not weary nor alone—I am not
faint of heart;
I am the truth contained in all—of
this I am a part;
I am the breeze that softly blows—
I am equal, I am whole;
I am Beginning and the End—
I am what man calls Soul.

II

I am the clover and the wheat—I am the drops
of rain;
I am the prana of the earth—that gives to
life an aim;
I am the Morning and the Night—I am the
fragrant flower;
I am the sap of all the leaves—
I am what man calls Power.

III

I am the good in every heart—I am a spark
divine;

I am the music of the harp—that tunes your
heart to mine;

I am the thrill of ecstasy—I am the stars
above;

I am the never-changing law—

I am what man calls Love.

IV

I am the light to lead the way—I am 'twixt hill
and dale;

I am the still small voice within—a voice that
will not fail;

I am the guiding-star to Heaven—I am the
cloven clod;

I am the strength that makes the whole—

I am what man calls God.

(Inspired by Swinburne's "Hertha.")

Mother's Name



DEAR, hauntingly dear to me,
The magic of mother's name,
Shrined forever in my heart
It burns like altar flame.

With bells of ev'ntide
Wherever I may roam,
To me it calls—"Marie, Marie!"
To me it sings of home!

Would that ev'ry woman's life
Like healing balm might know
As I of Thee—O Mother mine!
From days of long ago!

With bells of ev'ntide
Wherever I may roam,
To me it calls—"Marie, Marie!"
To me it sings of home!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Oh poet-soul, philosopher and friend,
What tribute can I offer at your feet,
To show how gratitude unto the end,
Endures to make my joy of life complete?

The cheering word, the friendly clasp of hand,
The voice that rings through flying hours
so true,
In all the breadth of earth which you command,
I sing my song to reach the heart of you.

My Grandfather



At the twilight hour the old Cathedral of Zürich was dimly lighted. The organ was softly murmuring a prelude and fugue of Bach as the people came quietly into the solemn gloom. Standing in the organ loft, as stillness followed the organ strains, I sang the immortal chants of the great master. It was a moment of strange ecstasy.

At the close, an old man made his way to the choir and asked me how, as an American, I had mastered the spirit of the great German father of song. I replied that, although born and reared in the state of Texas, my father came of a long line of German artists. The family had drifted away from the old life and I, a girl of the great South, had lost touch with the traditions of the past.

So my questioner, who proved to be a judge of the court, was interested and immediately proposed to trace the clues furnished by the little book of my father's christening, which I had with me, and see what could be found of my lost family.



My Grandfather

The result of his investigation was the discovery of my father's brother in the heart of the Black Forest. Thither I repaired and, on Christmas Eve, found myself in a quaint home, centuries old, nestled amid the snow-covered pines, in the company of my uncle, his two sons and two beautiful young daughters. Here I learned the wonderful story of my grandfather.

During the French Revolution the castle of old Baron Philipp von Fuchs was destroyed and with his family he sought shelter in the Cathedral of St. Killian in Heilbronn on the Neckar. As music-master and composer to the King of Wurtemberg he was given the tower of the cathedral for his residence, and there my grandfather, August von Fuchs was born.

The ambition of the family was to make him a great musician, as he early showed signs of musical genius. At the age of eight he gave his first concert in Hohenstaufen Castle, now a picturesque ruin, but then a brilliant center of music and art.

As father and son were walking together through the forest, on the way to the castle, the child, his violin tucked under his arm, ran on ahead. Coming to a sign-board, he paused and, with a bit of crayon, commenced to make

a picture of the castle which loomed in the forest vista. A stranger chancing by, reined in his horse, and noticing the boy's sketch, paused and addressed him:

"Wunderbares talent! You would make a great artist."

"But my father wishes me to play the violin," answer the child.

Thereupon the stranger gave the little artist his card and asked him to call with his father on the following day. When old Baron von Fuchs overtook his boy, the lad held up the bit of paper and cried out:

"See, Father, what a strange man has given me! He wants me to bring you to see him."

The father looked at the inscription and saw it was the name of his patron, King William of Wurtemberg.

When the father took his boy the following morning, it was arranged that the King should assume charge of his education. He was placed in the famous old Carl School, at that time a renowned institution of learning.

In the course of time a desk-mate was found for the young artist. His name was Schiller, and little did the embryo painter imagine that he was forming a close bond of friendship with one who was destined to be among the immortal poets of Germany and of the world.

At the age of eighteen he was made drawing-master of the school. Later the King sent him to study sculpture in Rome under Thorwaldsen, that he might be equipped to work in cathedral decoration. After two years of study he was commissioned by the King to make copies of the mural decorations in the excavated homes of Pompeii—Herculaneum. Some of the water-colors which he did at this time, in 1789, are now among my most cherished possessions.

Later he was recalled to Stuttgart to paint the mural decorations of the Stations of the Cross in a Wurtemberg Cathedral. The lure of Paris next drew him to the French metropolis to make his reputation there, while still holding the title of royal painter to the Court of Wurtemberg. Here he was fascinated by a charming French woman, who was a teacher of languages and song and was also a church singer of note. They were married and, after a brief sojourn in Paris, August was sent by the King to copy some newly excavated interiors in Pompeii. He later returned to Paris, however, where a son, my father, was born to gladden their home. They hoped to make an artist of him, and placed the boy in a school with that end in view. Here he mysteriously disappeared, and for forty years

the distracted parents searched for him without avail. Another son was born after his disappearance, who eventually became the sole heir of the family. It was he whom I visited in the Black Forest and here many of these details were gathered.

Since my father died several years ago without knowing, or, at least, revealing, any clue to his strange disappearance, the mystery will probably never be unravelled, beyond the fact that he was taken by a wealthy American family from Paris to America, where he was reared and educated under the Americanized name of Fox. The little christening book, including photographs and signatures of his family, alone served to put me in touch with this story.

Father

Remember you? I never pluck a rose,
But to think of you. Each flower that grows
Is richer far, from thought of you!

And every wind,
With fragrance laden, brings
You to my mind.



Hirsau, Black Forest
Burial Place of My Grandfather

“Blue Bonnet Bell”

(Written as a Child, to My Only Sister)

Lost in a sea of cerulean hue—
Lost, a small child in a bonnet of blue;
A flower among flowers, how could she get
Mislaid in a field of Texas Bonnet?

Sweet little wanderer, I fear that they will
Try to conceal you in meadow or hill,
Hide you from those who seek to find you—
In the beautiful fields of Blue Bonnet hue.

Affirmation

O God of Love and endless Power!
Be with us in the silent hour!
Our hearts to Thee we lift above,
Give, O Give us, perfect love.

Let all our affirmations be
One mind in unison with Thee;
Let Truth and Love our hearts combine
To Greater Glory, all Divine.

Texas

To My "Lone Star"—A Song



TEXAS, mighty Texas,
While sun is in the sky,
Shalt loved and honored be,
Thy fame exalted high!

O Texas, ever and forever,
'Twixt mountain and the sea,
Thy children, near and far,
Send back their love to thee!

O Texas, mighty Texas,
With men brave, women fair,
Thy fields of wheat and poppy
Spread glory everywhere.

O Texas, ever and forever,
 'Twixt mountain and the sea
Thy children, near and far,
 Send back their love to thee!

O Texas, mighty Texas,
 Of golden splendor is thy fame,
Marvelous is thy greatness,
 Resplendent is thy name!

O Texas, ever and forever,
 From mountain and from sea,
Thy children, near and far,
 Send back their love to thee!

The Voice of Love

TO ASHLEY

Thy voice of love haunts me ; lingers still
With plaint of rippling rill.
Near it comes like thought o'er the mind,
Or luring woo of whisp'ring wind.
Carnations dipped in the dew of night,
While stars radiate benediction of light.
I know there's a heaven and seraphim above,
I know there's a God, and His gospel is Love!

Spring



PRING is here! Let all rejoice—
April showers begin to fall.
Spring is here! Hark to its voice!
Gladly it sings for one and all!

Light showers seductive falling
Wake to bud and blossom bright;
Myriad voices calling, calling
From Winter's vanished night!

Wake up, ye slumbr'ing flowers!
Exhale your balmy breath alway!
Leaf, ye trees and naked bowers,
Give Earth a gladsome day!

Like Spring, Love calls to me:
"Thou sluggard, awake again!
Life's power its thrill renews
Making for summer's refrain."

My Symphony

From early childhood the weird and plaintive cadence, the beauty and pathos of the music of the negro slave has always thrilled me. To promote and preserve this unique phase of art of a people once in bondage is my great desire. The general public does not grasp the importance of saving this traditional music from oblivion. What a pity it would be to lose forever such a treasure of sounds, each one of which bears a story in its own peculiar intonation.

The music of no other race is more delicately shaded in expression, or shows more accurately the state of mind of the singer, than that of the old-time slave. Every note contains some plaintive element that has more the intonation of a sigh than a laugh.

Every tone is that of prayer, supplication or sorrow. Even their Hallelujahs have the ring of distress. It is almost impossible to find words that describe this music, and few singers can correctly imitate it.

The modern "coon song" is no more akin to real negro music than their lyrics are to the poetry of the Psalms.

The songs and stories are not mere poems; they are the outpouring of the soul in harmonic numbers, making sublime symphony.

In My Garden of Girlhood Friends

Ima	Viola	Ella
Liess	Margaret	Gay
Virginia	Grace	Edith
Marie	Elsie	Nannette

In my garden you're implanted;
Nothing there will ever fade
While Mem'ry's breath enchanted,
Exhales in sun and shade.

Bess	Evangeline	Natalie
Roslyn	Allie-Mae	Kay
Gertrude	Irma	Crystine
Lucille	Erna	Madelon
Vida	Elizabeth	Ora
Ellen	Marietta	Lily

Juaneta

More than beauty in your face I've seen—
Your soul—How deep! How rare!
You are rooted in my garden green,
To bloom forever there.

Marion

You are a rippling song, dear,
Whose message floats and floats,
All the glad day long, dear,
In sweet, caressing notes.

To Edalah



YOU ask me why I love you?
Ah, dear, I cannot say!
Sometimes I love your sunny
smile,
Sometimes your winning way.

And then I see that deeper
Than all the surface charm,
It is your heart I'm loving,
Because it is so warm.

Then deeper than your heart, dear,
The soul of you I see,
A mingling of twin virtues,
Pride and humility.

You walk with regal manner,
 You talk as one inspired;
And even my poor spirit
 By your bright flame is fired.

I've loved you long and truly,
 O Edalah, my friend,
And may God love you always,
 Beyond this brief life's end!

Naomi

In my beautiful garden of friends
One exquisite lily sways and bends—
 Bends in loveliness to me,
 Naomi, my Naomi!
Other flowers may bloom and blow,
Other blossoms may come and go,
 But none as beautiful to me—
 Naomi, my Naomi!

Perfect thou, in form and face,
Lovely as a maid of Thrace,
 Lovely as the stars to me—
 Naomi, my Naomi!
 Queen of all the garden flowers
 Through the dawn or sunset hours,
Sweet, art thou, by God's decree—
 Naomi, my Naomi!

Bertha

To me you clung when all had parted,
By this our friendship lives.
O more to me, Thou Noble-Hearted!
More to me than wide world gives!

With Mary Under Southern Skies

To Mary Fuller



AN opportunity to be with Mary, under southern skies presented itself. My admiration for her unique personality on the screen is unbounded. Her wondrous eyes are never to be forgotten.. In Savannah, Georgia, where "Under Southern Skies" was being pictured, I had opportunity to be closely associated with Mary, and her true Southern portrayal of Miss Lelia took me back to school days and plantation life in the Far South. The Shotter Plantation, with its magnolias and moss-covered trees, the Thunderbolt River and the plantation negro life in full swing, gave a charm to the reality of this wonderful picture. The loving, sweet nature and smile of Mary lent sunshine to her surroundings. One Sunday morning, in Christ Church, I observed Mary deep in meditation, prayer-book in hand, her eyes looking upward. I left her undisturbed with a dear, tender memory of her wonderful eyes.

Katherine

How wondrous strange this world of ours ;
 We meet, we love, we part—
Yet time nor clime can change us,
 If true are we at heart.

Edalice



N regions far above the air,
Where white Alps rear their heads,
In castle elfin fair
A fairy treads,
A fairy treads.

True her eyes of tender blue,
Soft her step as snow—
To think, O Edalice, of you
Is spring with flowers aglow,
Is spring with flowers aglow.

Elfin Sprite from out the wild,
You flit thru shad'wy halls,
You dainty and elusive child,
You 'lume the dismal walls,
You 'lume the dismal walls.

A joy without surcease,
With voice so soft and low
You came, sweet Edalice,
In spring with flowers aglow!
In spring with flowers aglow!

Alona

In my garden there's place for you,
In bright and fragrant row,
'Twixt hollyhock and sunflower,
Where strength and beauty grow.

Anne

Like some ancient myth you seemed to me
that day.
Stunned by defeat and direst need, you calmly
stood
And smiled to scorn the lucred chance to fail
a friend.

Helen

Love that is noble, love that is true,
My dearest Helen, I send to you.
And you alone have won this love
That will last as long as the heavens above.

Rae

My bower of rose and thyme, dear,
Has bud nor flower so fair;
Nor naught that blossoms there
Distills a sweet more rare.

Florence

Here's a pledge of my love for your big brown
eyes,
And your hair of Titian hue;
For your wonderful nature—like warm sunny
skies—
And a heart that is always true blue.

A Reverie

The soft gray shades of evening
Fall gently o'er my door,
And with them comes the image
Of a face I see no more.

Never in the day-time,
'Mid the glitter and the roar,
Only at holy eventide,
Comes the face I see no more.

My Song

I sing and sing and sing,
 Tuning my heart and voice,
Hoping the listeners to my song
 With me rejoice.

'Tho frail I be, of mighty things
 My heart-felt song may tell,
Lifting, who knows! helpless souls,
 To heaven from hell!

God in man and man in God
 I know and shall proclaim,
That doubters by my faith,
 Be stronger that I came.

Achievement

If through me one aching heart
Were eased of pain,
Two discordant made to beat
As one again,
My life, tho' voiced a failure,
Were not in vain.

Misunderstood

E. S.



WISH that all who say they care
Might not so hasty be,
Wrongly to judge and criticize
Each error they may see.

We cannot know another's mind,
And circumstance may play
A part that covers from our view
The good there stowed away.

Oftimes a soul is sad and sore,
Yet tries to play the part
Of sunshine—hiding every trace
Of grief that fills the heart.

Should failure in the effort be,
And weakness in the foreground stand,
Be big and show in silence
That, somehow, you understand.

If God Is Our Friend

To Brother Louis

Why grieve o'er earthly loss,
As tho' it were the end?
In silence why not bear our cross,
If God's our loving friend?

Why tell our troubles to mankind—
Expect them to defend?
Should not we comfort find
In God our loving friend?

In gloom and stress of life,
Mournful days why spend,
When Love o'ercomes all strife
And God's our watchful friend?

Let life be gladsome song of love
Though sun with shadow blend,
Are they not of heaven above
Whose God is our true friend?

Easter

After the night-time, Dawn!
From lake and wood and lawn
The mists have upward gone.

Come, grieve no more, nor bow;
God's son, they laid so low,
Has risen: follow thou!

Faith

How wonderful! After striving, to have an awakening through faithful prayer that gives one a taste of the exquisite buoyancy of being free from the stress of responsibility. How wonderful to let go, as it were; to drop vain reason like a shattered rose and, pillowing one's head upon the bosom of Faith, to fall softly asleep, like a trusting child.

Can You Tell Me Why?

The days are void and hollow,
Empty the moments fly.
Red carnations to ashes turn,
Tell me, O tell me why.

Why my song is weary,
It's ev'ry lilt a sigh;
Carnations' breath seems death to me—
Tell me, O tell me why.

The sun has ceased to glow,
Gray are earth and sky,
My heart is sad and ill-at-ease:
Tell me, O tell me why.

Why leave me alone, dear,
Alone with my ardent sigh?
Why turn away from love, Dear—
Tell me, O tell me why.

Question and Answer

The Question



HE vibrant, harmonious chords, born of his soul and expressed at the finger-tips of his beautiful hands, flooded the cathedral like an aureole.

She entered, unnoticed among the shadows, for meditation and prayer. Stood still, and listened. Her heart-strings thrilled. She was strangely stirred.

His music seemed the cry of longing, the intense yearning of one life toward another. It called to her and her alone.

Half consciously she moved forward, slowly at first, then with the rush of her emotions more rapidly, faltered, trembled, then sank upon her knees, clasping his hands:

"What are you playing? Why are you playing?"

"I thought I was alone and this tone-poem sought expression. I shall call it 'The Question.' How strange that you should come!" He placed his hands upon her shining hair and lifted her face to his. Around and above them shone that radiance which passeth all understanding.

The Answer

Again he played while she knelt in prayer. Upon his uplifted face the light of living glory was idealized. The dreamy chords swept softly at first among the shadows over the kneeling figure, then triumphantly burst into a pean of joy.

His eyes were full of wonder and gladness. There were tears upon the lashes of her beautiful eyes—tears of happiness.

Marjorie's Summer Trip



COME, Dolly, it is the summer-time;
The weather is so hot,
We must pack the big, old family
trunk,
And find a cooler spot.

Suppose we try the beaches,
And there, down by the sea,
We can build a pretty house of sand,
For "Pugsey," you, and me.

Then we can gather sea-shells,
And, perhaps, bright pebbles, too;
Then find some funny seaweed,
And play it's something new.

I'm busy now; I have to pack—
And I must get the lunch;
We'll want some pop-corn and some nuts,
Of grapes, a big, big bunch.

Then I must ask old Ricker
To find the chain for Pug,
So we can take him with us
In Grandma's old gray rug.



Lois Fox

It's quite a job now, Dolly dear,
To care for Pug and you;
But they'll drive us to the depot,
Where we take the train "Choo! choo!"

Yes, Hector will be lonesome,
But he'll be good and stay
To watch the doll house and the swing,
While we are far away.

And when the summer's over,
And our vacation, too,
We'll come back to our dear old home,
To the house I built for you.

"Dood Night, Lover, Dood Night"



ADDY dear, don't leave me now;
I love to have you near!
'Tis horrid in my tiny bed
With darkness and with fear:
With you, I see the moonshine—

The stars and heaven's light,
But oh, I feel so very queer
When you say:

"Dood night, Lover, dood night!"

I'll promise not to tease you,
Nor pull your ears and hair:
For daddy dear, I've only you—
My little heart to share!

Do I see you shed a tear?—

Yes, Daddy, you are right,
Leave me now, I'll have no fear.
Kiss me and say:

"Dood night, Lover, dood night!"

Our Little Pleasure King



IN'T I your darling baby dear?
Didn't old Santa leave me here?
I hope he comes next Christmas
night,
And brings a nuffer baby bright.

I want a baby bruffer too,
To kiss and love, like I do you,
But mumu dear, don't make me cry,
By loving bruffer more than I.

When I grow up and am a man
I'll buy you all the things I can;
Some cakes and nuts and lots of toys,
And maybe twenty baby boys.

I am your darling baby dear,
Don't look so sad, don't cry a tear;
Please laugh and laugh again and sing,
For I's your little Pleasure King.

Carlo's Circus



AY I have a circus
To-day, my dear Mama,
Out in the big old nursery,
Near you and dear Papa?

Then you tan tum an' see us play
An' buy some b'loons an' cake,
An' tandy in a big, big sack,
For me an' Clownie's sake.

An' Daddy dear, when he wakes up,
Must tum an' join our fun,
An' Kitty too tan have a place,
An' in a race must run.

My Dolly dear, I'll dress her up,
Then she'll be right in line,
For when old Santa Claus comes 'round
You know she must look fine.

Some music too we want, Mama,
To jump and sing and dance,
So come an play a tiny tune,
An' watch us run an' prance!

I'm sure you'll like to hear us laugh,
An' just like Injuns scream.
Be sure to tell Aunt Susan
To send a can of cream.

Then when old Santa prys around,
He'll see that I love play;
An' then he'll bring me lots of toys
For fun on Christmas day.

So let me have my circus
To-day, my dear Mama,
Out in the big old nursery
Near you an' dear Papa!

Lizetta and Her Dolly

I love my dolly, yes I do,
I love my dolly more than you!
Think I mean not what I say?
You try and take my dolly 'way!

Old Santa brought her down, you see,
And hung her on the Christmas tree—
And every day she's lots more dear,
Oh, I must have her always near!

The Master Sculptor



WAS living in a quaint old chateau on the bank of the Reuss in Switzerland, when my urgent desire for a career upon the operatic stage prompted me to go with my friends to Vienna, where I began to study under Mme. Herzog, and Leschetizky's assistant. The flattering offer, which came presently from a great German director, could not be resisted, and I immediately accepted his interest and began my study for the stage.

After some months of painstaking work, the day of my *début* was almost at hand. I carelessly left the orchestration books of my part, Herodias in "Salome," where they were found. A painful scene followed which resulted in my quitting the home of my friends, who strongly opposed the idea of a public career as a singer for me. Heart-broken, I abandoned my opportunity to sing and sought consolation in a nearby convent.

That deary, rainy evening I boarded a bus and rode to St. Stephen's Dome. I was sorely depressed and had difficulty in restraining the tears. A man who sat opposite me, made me uncomfortable with his steady gaze. In my eagerness to be free from his staring, I leaped from the bus, without my umbrella and hur-

ried into the side chapel, where I knelt at the shrine of the Virgin and prayed to be led aright.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder and a quiet voice said to me in French: "Do not fear, I want to help you. Why are you weeping? Come away from this lonely church and tell me all about it. Here is your umbrella."

It was the man from whom I had sought to escape, but I quite lost my fear and followed him out of the cathedral. He called a bus. "We are going to the Emperor's Castle," he said. "I live near there."

When we arrived, a dear old lady, who proved to be his mother, opened the door and we were led into a beautiful salon filled with figures in bronze, marble and clay.

I had indeed been safely led. The man was the Master Sculptor of the Austrian Empire. Presently he took me back to my friends, who rejoiced at my return, and declared that they were now reconciled to my desire to sing in public.

Some months later, when I was singing Schubert's "Ave Maria," my friend the Sculptor walked to the stage and presented me with a beautiful bouquet of roses. Imbedded in the flowers was a tiny statuette of myself kneeling before the Virgin's shrine.

“Cotton”

Dedicated to the South by Lois Fox, October 1st,
1914.



LEASE ma'm let me talk
Ah's got so much to say,
Mah heart goes out and tears do
flow,
When ah think of dis war to-day.

Mah skin am black, but mah soul am white—
And ah feel ef ah only had de right
To stan' and preach de things ah feel—
God's love and peace would set em right.

Ah 'members well de war of ole—
Yes 'm, ah lived it night and day—
Mah heart goes out and tears do flow—
When ah think of dat war to-day.

De North and de South were ill at ease,
And de feelin' of bitterness did den increase,
And ah wants to say de time has come
When de North and de South has a problem
on.

As Sherman say, “De war am hell!”
An' bring much trouble too—
But ah believe de biggest yet
Am de cotton bale—don't you?

When ah sees de bales a-layying aroun'—
And never to sell a single poun',
Ah say:—Woman from eberywhere,
Rise and help us now.

There is no North and South to-day—
Let's join and be one man,
To figger out a means and way
To help dis cotton plan.

Lawd, chile, when ah look back
And see things by de stack
Made of cotton ev'ry day—
Ah say,—white woman, wake up!

Ah's bought a cotton bale, yes, ma'm,
It's good as gold, you bet—
But de feeling dat ahs done some good
Am a better feelin' yet.

Lawd, ladies, ef ah was only white,
Mm! Ahd set dis problem right,
Ah'd carry de flag made of cotton, too—
Den you'd see what dis plea—
“Buy a bale o' cotton”—would do!

“Assussi”



ACCORDING to the traditions of the Nkami tribe, Assussi was the first human being to express himself in harmony and song. He was the father and founder of this tribe.

He taught them to sing, and it is claimed he was the author of some of the songs still used by these same people, and it is interesting to know from authentic sources that a large number of our slaves were brought to America directly from this tribe. From the same sources of information, it is made certain that the salient characteristics of the real negro music of this country are the survival of the native music in Africa. The peculiar chanting by a leader, followed by a refrain of many, is distinctly African. These chants are tones variable in pitch, ranging through an entire interval on different occasions, according to the inspiration of the singer. These are seldom discordant and are full of weird, beautiful harmonies. Prof. Richard Garner, from whom I obtained these facts, has been made king by the Nkami tribe, and on every trip to Africa he is favored and honored by this people.

Old Aunt Susan and Her Ghostie Lamp



DOWN in Texas, Travis County,
whar de Colorado flows,
In de tranquil hush o' twilight,
comes a feelin' o' repose;
As ah sits down in mah dugout, an'
look out toward de hill,
'Pears like de old place allus is most' peace-
fulles and still.

De honeysuckle flowers keeps a-bloomin'
bright an' gay,
Roun' de trellis on de poaches, jes' as if ter
laugh an' say,
A hearty howdy to de neighbors, an' de folks
w'ats passin' by—
An' tain't nothin' in dis big wide worl' dat
smell so sweet, oh my,

You just sudd'nly ought ter see 'em—an' de
fines' vi'lets too,
Jes' a pokin' out de cool spots, dere sassy
heads o' blue.
Den de ribber in de distance sings its evenin'
song so free,
As it rush 'long thru de hill sides ter jine de
great big sea.

An' ah heahs de farm-han's laughin' an' de
fiddle's lively tune,
An' 'casionally a corjun—dogs a-barkin' at de
moon.
Den after while a tappin', a gentle tappin' at de
do',
An' I knows right well its meanin' an' who it
wuz befo."

Ah says "Come in," 'cause that same thing jes
happen ev'y day—
'Tis all mah white folks chillun stop dere
rompin' and dere play;
Dere wuz Mamie and Miss Nellie, Mannie,
Louis, Gussie, too,
Come ter heah about de "Ghostie Lamp" dat
b'long to ole Aunt Sue.

Ah say "Chillun ef you'll be right good, ah'll
git mah Ghostie Lamp."
An' all o' dem jes' 'have themselves 'ceptin'
Gussie, dat young scamp.
He jes' jump an' sing an' whistle too, an' laugh
right in mah face,
'Tweren't no livin' wid dat rascal—dat boy jes'
own de place.

Be still, Honey—don't cry.
Walk sof', talk sof', don' you even bre've!
What you see an' what you hear, 'cose you
got ter b'lieve!
Don' tell me 'tain' no ghos'es, don' tell me you
ain' scare',

'Cos las' night ah see ernough ter take de kink
right out mah hair!

Mm..... Mm..... Mm.....
Ah wuz sleepin' on mah pallet in de room jes'
by de yard,
An' ah feel de terribles' shakin', dat rouse me
good an' hard,

An' den de aw'flest noise ah hear, sech a racket
an' a din,

Dat ah thought ah fell from glory into ever-
lastin' sin.

Mm..... Mm..... Mm.....

"Swing low sweet chariot,
Ah's waitin' fer de Lord ter come,
A chariot am a-waitin' dere fer me,
Ah's waitin' fer de jedgment day."

'Twuz pow'ful dark when ah riz up, an' felt
aroun' de place,
An' ah say "Who dar, who?" no answer—an'
den a great big face
Of a yaller ghos' broke thru de dark, an' ah
thought ah wuz in—well—
Torment ain' no circumstance ter de col', col'
creepin' spell

Dat took right hol' mah body, dat grab right
here mah soul,
An' ah thought dat ghos' was gwine drag me
Down into a big, black hole.
Den ah say again—"Who 'tis?"—h'm, mus' be
de debbil sho',
But mah knees commence and tremble, and ah
fell down on de flo'.

Den ah knowed ah had black measles, as ah
has mos' ev'y year
An' all at once ah fell asleep, from nothin' else
but fear.
So walk sof', talk sof', don' you even bre've,
What you see an' what you hear, o' cose you
has ter b'lieve!"

How George Saw the New Jerusalem

(A Verbatim Transcription of a Negro's Dream)



NE night when ah wus comin' away frum de church—yessah, ah had been a seekin' ligion a long time. Jes' as ah turn a corner of de road, ah kinda look up and ah see de great White City! Ah jes' knowed it was de New Jerusalem, case dere neber was no town 'roun' here—nothin' but Pan Top hill! Ah den lif' up ma han's and ah say, "Good Lawd, save me!" Den it peer lak somefin jes' raise me right off ma feet and carry me straight up to de Golden Gate, and when ah got there ah see St. Peter sittin' lookin' at me, wid his white, long beard, and de Lawd wus standin' by his side. No, sah; de gate weren't wide open, jes' a little crack in it. De Lawd say, "Come in, George," and handed me a long, white robe and soon mah hair got long and wavy and ah look lak a pure little white chile and ah wus so happy. Yes, sah; ah had de wings, too. Ah look aroun' and St. Peter say, "George dere's a box of slippers; what size does you wear?" and ah say my number is

seben but ah mostly wears twelve, cause de seben naturally hurts mah feet. Den ah walk 'roun' de golden street and ah wus so happy in dem golden slippers.

At this point George was asked, "What kind of streets were they?"

Why dey wus all paved wid gold and de sidewalks, too, but dere weren't no houses, jes' bare groun' wid gol' and grass on 'em.

Oh, yes, sah! Ah went right on up de street to de top o' de hill, and dere ah riz up and look, and bless mah soul, Mars Bill, ah seed a big, white throne.

Oh, yes, sah! Yes, sah, de Lawd wus a settin' on it. Yes, sah. No, sah, he waren't alone. Angels in white wus singin' and playin' de golden harp. Ah wus so happy. Yes, sah; ah shore wus.

No, sah; ah didn't speak to de Lawd, no, sah; but he look at me lak he knowed me always and say, "Good Mawnin', George."

"How did you ever leave there, George," he was asked.

Well, ah can't zactly say; I wanted to stay, ah wus so happy, but ah begin to feel kinda weak and sleepy and den ah knowed no more till ah hear de office bell ring an de clerk rouses me up and say:

"George, take some ice watah to No. 7."

Aunt Mary's System for Prayer



T a gathering of Negro ministers the question was asked, How the command to pray without ceasing "mought" be accomplished.

A female member of the congregation exclaimed: "Mr. Preacher, no one need waste time writin' an essay on dat text. No, sah; dat's easy."

"Well, Mary," said the parson, "speak up, what does you say about it? Can you pray all de time and never cease?"

"Yes, sir; I sutt'nly can."

"With all your work? Tell us how."

"Yes, sah. De more I do de more I can pray. You see," she said, "when ah open mah eyes in de mawning, ah pray 'Lawd open my eyes of understandin',' and while ah'm dressin' ah say, 'Clothe me, Lawd, wid the robe of de right ones,' and when ah am washin', ah say 'Wash me wid de water of de gineration and when ah begin to work ah say, 'Lawd, give me strength to equal mah day,' and when ah work more ah pray dat God's work and spirit fill mah soul, and when ah begin to sweep ah pray dat mah heart may be cleaned from all

its impudence, and while ah am gettin' mah breakfast ah pray to be fed wid de hidden manner and milk of de word, and as ah'm busy wid de chillun ah pray to God for de spirit of dedoption to be called his chile. Everthing fixes me wid thought for prayer. Dat text am easy. Yes, sah; easy!"

An Old Negro Mammy's Version

A negro mammy was asked the origin of the old negro slave songs. She said:

"Mars Jesus he walk de earth and when he feel tired he sit a restin' on Jacob's well, and make up dese spirituals for His people."

Christmas Gif! Christmas Gif!

"Christmas Gif! Christmas Gif!
Yes, sah, I's here wid Christmas Gif—
And greetings to you all!
My! ain't it lovely warm and nice—
In de kitchen, while outside dere's ice!

You children mus' give thanks above
For all de presents and de love,
Dat Santa Claus done show to-day—
While climbin' down his icy way:
To Ma and Pa both give a kiss
And thank them for de joy and bliss,
And all de lovely things to eat!
Then you mus' give Aunt Sue a treat—
For she said—"Christmas Gif!"

"Christmas Gif! Christmas Gif!
Yes, sah! I means to get a Christmas Gif—
And greetings from you all!
For though they calls me poh black mite!
My blood am red—and mah soul am white!
God draws no line 'tween you and me,
He bless us all, where'er we be."

So love Aunt Sue and treat her right—
And come to her dugout at seven to-night.
By the light of her ghostly lamp's weird ray
A Story she'll tell of a Christmas Day,
When a poor little black "chile," sad and for-
lorn—
Was forgotten by Santa Claus Christmas
Morn,
Even though she said: "Christmas Gif!"

As I Knew Her

To Mary Fitzgerald



HER presence is with me still. There are four pictures in my memory. One is an afternoon when first we met. She was seated in an old arm-chair in a room that was like a bower of roses—this beautiful little mother with hair of silver and the smile of youth. A cap of old lace framed the gentle face like a waning, evening star—a gown of baby blue enfolded her graceful form. From the moment I looked into her dear face and met her kind eyes, my heart christened her "My Little New York Mother."

It was the beginning of a friendship covering several years in which it was my precious privilege to sing and to read to "Little Mother," her face radiating sympathy, love and peace as she listened with ever-quicken-
ing interest.

A second picture is staged upon a stormy night when I found her abed, raised on pillows like a Madonna upon a throne, her devoted daughters hovering on either side like guard-

ian angels, for it was this beautiful little mother's blessing to have children responsive to her slightest desire. Peace, great peace, was on every side.

"How happy I am! How good is God!" smiled Little Mother. "Sing for me." Together we sang her favorite hymn, "Rock of Ages." Little Mother's reed-like voice rose like an obligato. What Peace, what Rest within, while it stormed without! What inspiration for higher and nobler life! I left her, grateful to have come in touch with so helpful, so uplifting a spirit.

My heart sang as I bade her good-night:

You have quickened my life to a higher aim.

Little Mother mine,

And of heaven made more than just a name,

Little Mother mine!

Flowers fade, their perfumes die,

All life blooms but to pass by,

In heaven alone, immortals shine,

Little Mother mine.

The hallowed picture of a summer day lingers with me—the day I went to her Hartford home to renew there the happiness of our city hours, when we read and sang together, her gentle spirit revealing as in a magic

mirror, the comfort and the consolation of God, inspiring and comforting me. Never had I known greater need of human sympathy or love than on this summer day of Golden Memory, for to me had come one of life's greatest sorrows.

Beside her bed, with her dear hand in mine, what comfort, what courage she poured into my troubled soul! When I went from her, there were in flower and sun and sea, beauty, warmth, vigor, which were new to me. I longed to share with the wide, wide world the uplift I had in the friendship of this noble woman.

There's no sweet face on the pillow now,
Her soul has flown beyond the sky.
Cold and ashen are the leaves upon the bough,
Petals of a faded rose here lie.

There's no sweet face at the window now,
In Memory's garden it grows more fair.
This flower's a bloom on a heavenly bough;
No sweeter face is smiling there.

The fourth picture on memory's wall is
"Little Mother" asleep on a bed of roses, all
trace of age and suffering quite vanished
away. It was the face of a girl of eighteen—

the face of the old daguerreotype from which I had painted her portrait. The angelic peace that Life can neither give nor take away was now hers. Back to the Hartford home of sunny memory, faithful friends bore "Little Mother," and in the beautiful Church of the Good Shepherd—memorial to her kindred—was given to the "Empty Temple" the benediction of the Faith in which she had so valiantly and sweetly lived and died.

At her grave—oh, did she know, did she hear my last tribute vibrating with grief for the loss of her companionship and with gratitude for the possession of her friendship? Then, as now, full of Life, Power and Peace to me was my memory of Little Mother.

Life, Power and Peace!

Let all men praise and sing,
The voice of Jesus whispers:
"Peace I bring.

Peace, perfect Peace!

Tho' trials crowd around,
In perfect faith
A wondrous Peace is found."

Life, Love and Peace,

Blest trinity of mind,
They all are ours,
When God within we find.

Oscawana



UMMER was near, and for weeks our thoughts had been bent upon a vacation in the woods, where we might live the simple life and forget the strenuous New York season of people, confusion and rush.

Through friends we heard of a beautiful spot on the Hudson River and arranged to engage a little log-cabin near a sparkling spring, situated on a hill, where we might sit and meditate and, through rest, renew our vitality and invite the spirit.

The beautiful panorama of mountains and woods around us at once gave inspiration. With tents, hammocks and an oven made of rocks nearby, our first necessities were supplied. A systematic routine was planned and strictly adhered to by the two girls who sought a vacation of rest.

Surrounding our camp were many beautiful farms and estates—one belonging to Ralph Waldo Trine, whose inspiring book, "In Tune with the Infinite," has helped and lifted many readers to a higher plane, and another occu-

pied by Dr. Julia Seton, whose spoken word has charmed and healed.

Our spring, at the foot of a gigantic oak, gave us cool, delicious water, and from this we built a trench to permit the water to flow into a smaller basin lined with rocks. This was also arranged for drainage, and was our refrigerator.

We arrived early in June, and each morning for two weeks had most delicious wild strawberries for breakfast. Later, we canned and preserved apples and wild fruit. It gave us pleasure to fill our shelves with these fruits for our table. A schedule was hung where we could see the day's routine. Mosquitoes came and sang to us, but we tacked dark-green mosquito netting across the sashes and opened our windows so the breeze could sail through at all times. On warm nights we slept in hammocks in the open, but on rainy, damp nights we slept in the log cabin, and on cool nights we slept in our spacious tent.

We arose at seven, taking a few excellent exercises—relaxing, reaching and stretching drills, which build and strengthen. Then to the spring and drank deeply. After a vigorous walk of two miles, we returned to prepare a light breakfast comprised of whole-wheat bread, berries cooked in a way to aid digestion, and

eggs with a dainty slice of bacon, broiled camp fashion, on a stick. After breakfast there was a quiet hour of rest, meditation, exchange of thoughts, plans and ideas. From ten to twelve a study period. Wednesday was our day at home—we mended.

At twelve we started our heaviest meal—dinner.

Cooking was done in the open on our rock ovens. Many would not enjoy this, but to us the novelty and change from our former routine was food and rest. Our Southern "hoe-cake" and corn fritters, cooked on the hot stone top of our oven, corn in ear, potatoes and onions in skin were prepared as the Southern campers do. We built a fire on the ground, put several wet leaves on the remaining coals, then added the vegetables in skins and another layer of wet leaves on these—then made a good fire on top. In an hour we dug them out and, after shelling, found them to be a most delicious, fine-flavored food when seasoned with butter, salt and pepper. All our cooking had the delicious flavor of smoke, etc., of a real wild-West camp.

The noon meal consisted of only four dishes, which we varied each day. Spring water was our drink.

Soon after the noon meal, we took a nap

for an hour—lying on the ground, having great faith in the healing qualities of Mother Earth. On waking, we were ready for another walk over hill and dale, in our sweaters and bloomers, climbing rocks, fences and jumping tiny brooks. Finally, on reaching the Hudson, our day was climaxed by a swim. We reclined on the sun-heated rocks until dry, taking slow, deep, expanding breaths, relaxing, resting, and thinking of the beautiful benefits derived from such a vacation.

The Saturday program was changed. A long, slow, steady run for an hour to induce circulation, after dinner a rest, followed by an hour of physical culture. We then attended to our correspondence of the week. A horse-back ride, target practice, fishing trips were interspersed with other activities. Saturday afternoon we groomed ourselves for the little country dance in the auditorium not far distant.

Our evening meal was light—often a bowl of milk and cream with home-made bread and jelly, and a cup of weak tea. There were no churches near, but lectures and sermons were delivered by prominent speakers each Sunday in a little forest chapel about a mile distant. Evenings as a rule, were very short; we decided that sleep, rest, good air, proper

breathing, cool and refreshing water would be medicine and cure for our tired bodies.

These beautiful foothills on the majestic Hudson gave one every desire to sleep. The peaceful valley, the towering, massive mountains, the ever-changing sunsets that threw their glistening rays on the water, made our evenings wonderful. We often sang the old-time songs, the Swiss mountain yodels that made us almost see the Alpine glow, and we felt how great and good it is to get away from the conventionalities of a great city for a summer of rest and quiet, in the heart of nature, where we are lifted until we feel we are truly "In Tune with the Infinite."



When Susan Townsend Gets Religion



LAWDY chile! Whar you come
fum? hm?

Ise gwine to get 'ligion to-night—
does yer want to come along?"

I went.

Aunt Susan, dressed in pure white, took the last pew in the church—not noticing any one in her deep meditation.

The church was crowded. Aunt Susan commenced to hum and pat her feet in time to her own peculiar rhythm—suddenly she burst forth excitedly:

“Oh, freedom—Oh, freedom—

Oh, freedom for me—

But befoh a'hd be a slave

A'hd go buried in mah grave—

An' go home to mah Lawd eveh mo' ”

As she finished Parson Brown said: “Will Sister Townsend please come to de mohners' bench and receibe de Holy Ghos'?"

But Susan, lost in her reverie, did not heed his call. Clasp ing her hands and with eyes closed she continued singing in a low soft voice, a melody of her own religious feeling:—

"Sometimes A'h feel like a motherless chile,
Sometimes A'h feel like a motherless chile,
Sometimes A'h feel like a motherless chile,
A long ways from home"—

Then rising, with her eyes toward the ceiling, she shouted:—

"Oh, true believer
A'h am a long ways from hōm-m-m-me—"

By this time she collapsed, and four Deacons carried her before the Parson and placed her on the floor. He knelt over her and said:

"Oh, see that chariot comin'—
A comin' from above—

An' de foh wheels run by de Grace of God,
An' de hinder wheels a runnin' by love."

Then he shouted: "Brethern, sing! For Sister Susan's soul am won for God; de Holy Ghos' done come in shape of a dove."

Aunt Susan was still unconscious and the four Deacons stepped aside and poured four pails of water over her. This aroused her and throwing up her hands she shouted:—

"Heah come ma Lawd wid a sword in his
han'—Hallelujah!

He come wid a sword in his han'—and he
gwine to hew dem sinners down—

He gwine to hew dem to de groun'—Glory
hallelujah!"

She was conducted down the aisle as they
sang—

"Her soul am white and her heart am clean,
Cause she done let de good ole 'ligion in."

As she was led from the church she
hummed:—

"Mary go ring dem bells—go ring dem bells
for me—

Cause de Holy Ghost done sneaked right in—
from bondage he make me free—
Mary go ring dem bells."

Memories of Aunt Susan

My precious old negro Mammy, Aunt Susan, one day, while shuffling the cards to tell my fortune, in her little, old dugout, down in Texas, looked up and said "Miss Mayme! Folks don' b'lieve I'se a hundred years old!"

"Are you really so old?" I asked.

"'Co'se I is! My, chile, I 'members de Queen Ann's war—Yes'm, I does! Mo' den dat, I know Mapoleum Boney-part!"

"How did you ever know Napoleon?" I inquired.

"Lawd, chile, I met him when mah master took me to poh tea at de White House, when Mapoleum Boney-part was visitin' Wash'n'in! Dat's how I knowed him! Yes'm, I was a good-sized chile when de stars fell, so don't you ax me no more how old I is!"

Miss Mayme and Her Opera Troupe



Of course you understand that Miss Mayme is myself. At the early age of twelve I planned what might have been called a barnstorming expedition through Texas.

The odds were all against me at home, parents naturally object to such an expedition under the general management of one of such tender years.

A compromise was arranged by the addition of a somewhat maturer chaperone and the child star, manager, prima donna and enthusiast, with her company of miniature satellites, ventured forth into the wilds.

The children were all about the same age as the leading spirit and had been coached by her for months in a little home theatre, built for her by an interested fellow school-mate, in an attractive cellar under one of the ranch houses. It was my all-absorbing ambition to become a great star in the remote future, my first appearance at four years of age, having been sufficiently successful to start the fires of ambition.

At eleven, in one of the largest theatres of Texas, I played and sang Ralph Rackstraw, in the world famous "Pinafore," and with this added success, it required but a year to formulate and carry out the scheme of my life. When the "troupe" really started and the miniature company was gathered upon the station platform, I experienced the first, great, trembling emotion of my life and to steady my nerves I called the roll:

"Arthur! Ruth! Hazel! Irene! Johnny! Helen! Nan! Nellie!" omitting for the time the usual nickname "Miss" Nellie. All accounted for, including the chaperone, the train rumbled in and with undignified but hilarious haste my company scrambled for seats.

It was a wonderful moment. With the starting of the train I was on my way, through the smiles of summer, away from the practical routine of home and the guidance of parents into the world of "Make-Believe," the tinsel Paradise of Stageland.

San Marcos was the first "stand."

The river at San Marcos is not listed among the Seven Wonders of the World, but it should be. It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. I learned that later, but as we disembarked a tiny boy was struggling along be-

tween two large placards which bore the legend:

**"OPERA HOUSE TO-NIGHT,
MISS MAYME'S OPERA TROUPE
COME ONE, COME ALL!"**

Like the crier in an old New England village, he rang a bell to announce his coming. San Marcos certainly heard him and responded, for our "first night" was an immense success.

The next morning, alive with enthusiasm and success, we journeyed to Lockhart, to find an overcrowded hotel, but our chaperone had winning ways and the genial boniface converted the big parlor into a maze of cots and beds where the entire troupe were housed after another S. R. O.* performance.

I remember awaking with pain, and upon investigation found that the members of my company were practical jokers as well as opera singers. They had tied two tin cans and a water pitcher to my toes.

Feeling in need of relaxation and recreation, at Liberty Hill I made my first slip from duty. I always have been and always will be crazy

* Standing room only.

about a horse, and a friend there offered me a magnificent animal for a canter.

Among my effects were the tickets for the next railroad jump, and also our receipts to date. Not dreaming that I could miss a train, off I went into the suburbs.

My horse, handsome as he was, was not sure-footed, and the first I knew I was by the roadside, stunned and for the time being helpless. When I was restored to consciousness and the bosom of my friends, the train had gone.

Imagine my dismay as I realized that my "troupe" was without money or tickets.

The chaperone imagined I was in another car and would come through. She explained, almost in tears, to the conductor, and he, anticipating what would probably happen, affected a sternness he did not feel.

"I shall have to put you all off," he said.

Little Arthur, our comedian, a child in years, but a man in courage, said: "What? Right here in the woods?"

"Right here in the woods," replied the conductor.

Soon all the passengers on the train had become interested, and so when the youthful Arthur offered to give a show and pass the hat, the idea was welcomed with applause.

My friends at Liberty Hill brought me by motor to the next town and I was a somewhat sore but still successful prima donna at the evening's performance.

By this time my company had become "regular old stagers," as was proven by the fact that they looked upon my venture as an opportunity for sky-larking, and the chaperone was somewhat overworked making apologies.

At Llano I had ordered an open-air rehearsal, endeavoring to combine business with pleasure and at the same time "tune up" my company, which was getting a little lax and careless.

During the rehearsal a bull in a field nearby took umbrage at Arthur's red trousers, and joined our midst, while we, helter-skelter, made tracks for barbed wire fences, trees and shrubs in break-neck confusion.

Little Arthur, our comedian, and to-day a leading violinist, bore the brunt of the attack, and for a time it looked as though the red trousers would suffer, but fortunately he nimbly sought the branches of the nearest tree, and the owner of the bull, coming out to claim his own, rescued the terrorized comedian and saved the day.

It is needless to give all of the details of this remarkable tour, but one incident is

vividly before me. One night at the close of a performance, we were hurrying to depart for our next stand. Suddenly, a heavy rain-storm came up, and there was no time to remove our costumes. This, however, did not stop the company from braving the storm dressed as we were. As the material of our costumes was not of fast color, we found, when we came to take them off, that our bodies were tattooed with red, blue and yellow. In those happy days, all Texas—yes, the world—was ours.

An old-time meeting-house on a farm had been engaged for us and our next day was a holiday. My company ceased to be stars and became hoodlums of the most energetic type.

An old negro mammy voiced herself in regard to them as follows:

“Lawdy, chile, yo’ opery troupe done pesticated ’roun’ here all mawnin.’ Come an’ see what dey do. Dey done tied Mars John’s Jersey calves’ tails together and we can’t get ’em loose. An’ sides dat, Missy, dey done hitch de donkey to de red cart an’ gone off wid it, an’ I’ll bet dey ain’t gone far, cause dat ole donkey certainly do bawlk and kick. Mars John am boilin’, an’ I does certainly side wid him. Yo’ opery troupe am all wrong. I don’t lak no sech doin’s. Lawdy, Missy, let ’em give me

my preserve seat down to de Melodian Hall and yo' ole opery troupe can go to thunder."

Many were the experiences of this child opera troupe, but Miss Mayme came home elated and triumphant, and soon after left for a three-years' trip to Europe to study.



Lois at the Telephone

(Many Years Ago)



HELLO Nell—are you busy to-day?
If you are not I've something to
say.

What? You are mending Dolly's
clothes,

And company's coming to stay?

Well, Grandma's had a birthday,
Oh, you oughter see the cake!
We've saved a piece of every kind
That Grandmama can make.

Hurry and dress your Dolly Dear,
And wear your bonnet too,
There are not many sunny days
Like this for me and you!

Why, has Dolly a headache now,
And a very bad cold too?
Oh, bring her to my Dolly's house,
We've cough-drops not a few!

Let's rake a great big hay-stack,
To lie on in the sun,
Let Walter turn a somersault—
'Twill be a lot of fun.

Yes, I've invited Miriam—
Have turned her tea-cup, too,
She says she has a lovely dress—
It's gingham and bright blue!

So hurry, Dear, do not be late,
My tea will steep at four;
I've set the table with the cake
In the corner near the door.

I've golden-rod a-plenty,
Apples and grapes galore,
So now good-bye, I've talked too long,
I'll see you, Dear, at four.

Sweet Briar



HIGHLY bred of beauty rare—
In truth they make a bonny pair,
As they race o'er field and mire—
Dorothy, and her horse "Sweet
Briar"!

Fearless over hedge and stream
On hunting days they look a dream,
Head erect and eye a-fire—
Dorothy, and her horse "Sweet Briar"!

There is love between the twain—
Highest honors to attain
Is their pride and fond desire,
Dorothy, and her horse "Sweet Briar"!

So, on days 'neath mottled sky,
You may see them both race by.
Note their beauty and admire—
Dorothy, and her horse "Sweet Briar"!

"101 Wild West"



HEY come to town at break of day,
With Indian, calliope and steer,
Sawdust, canvas and horses—
And faces all alight with cheer.

The townfolk and the farmer join,
To watch each trick that's made,
And laugh at the jokes of the barker-man—
101 Wild West Parade!

"Peanuts! Popcorn! Pink lemonade!"
"Right this way to the great, big show!"
Buy your tickets here!"

On a ranch in Oklahoma,
Daring cowboys, day by day,
Ride and shoot and rope the steers
For the 101 display.

The horse is taught to limp at will;
The buffalo to be afraid
Of Indian, fire and arrow
In the big Wild West Parade.

"Right this way to the side show!
Get you ticket! Say!
Redman, tomahawk and wigwam!
All out this way!

Alive are town and countryside;
Children come from shop and school;
The circus draws them one and all,"
With stage-coach, broncho and fool.

Ma and Pa add to the thrill,
All in Sunday best arrayed,
Child mem'ries linger with them still,
As they eye the Great Parade.

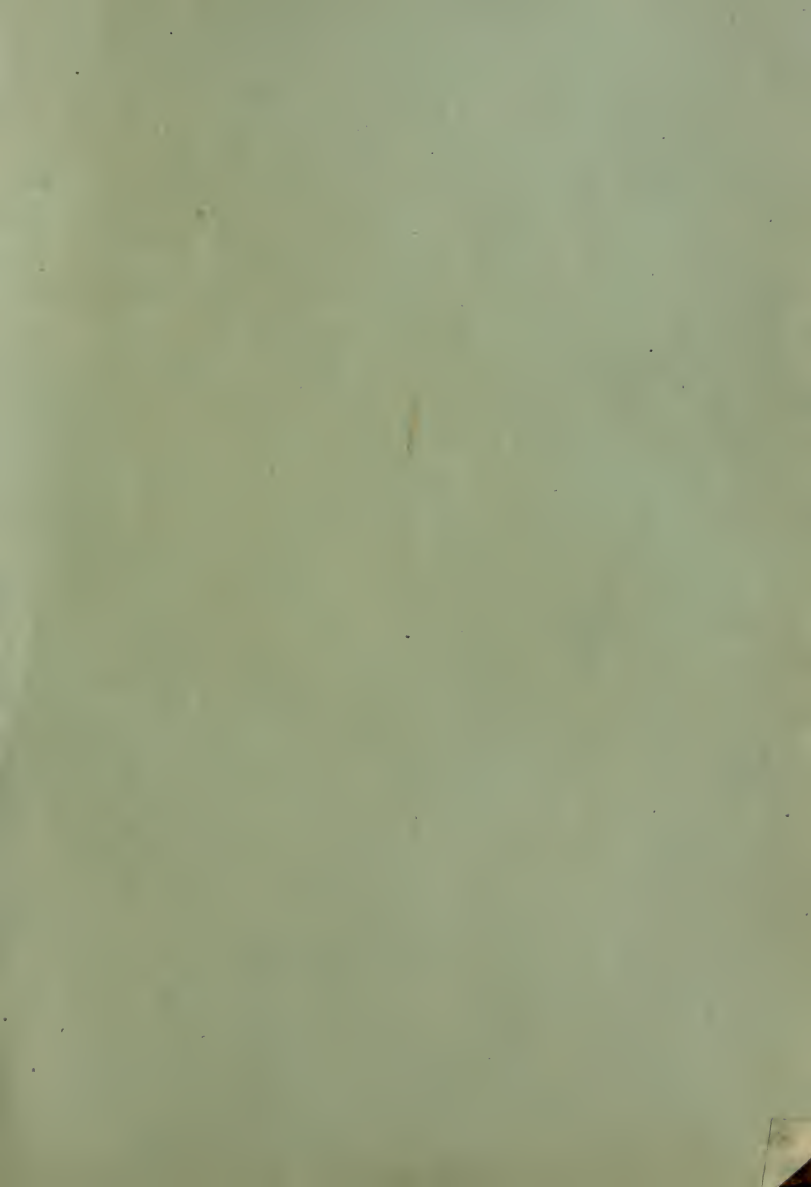
"All out! This way! We homeward go.
Good-bye to the great, big, Wild West Show!"

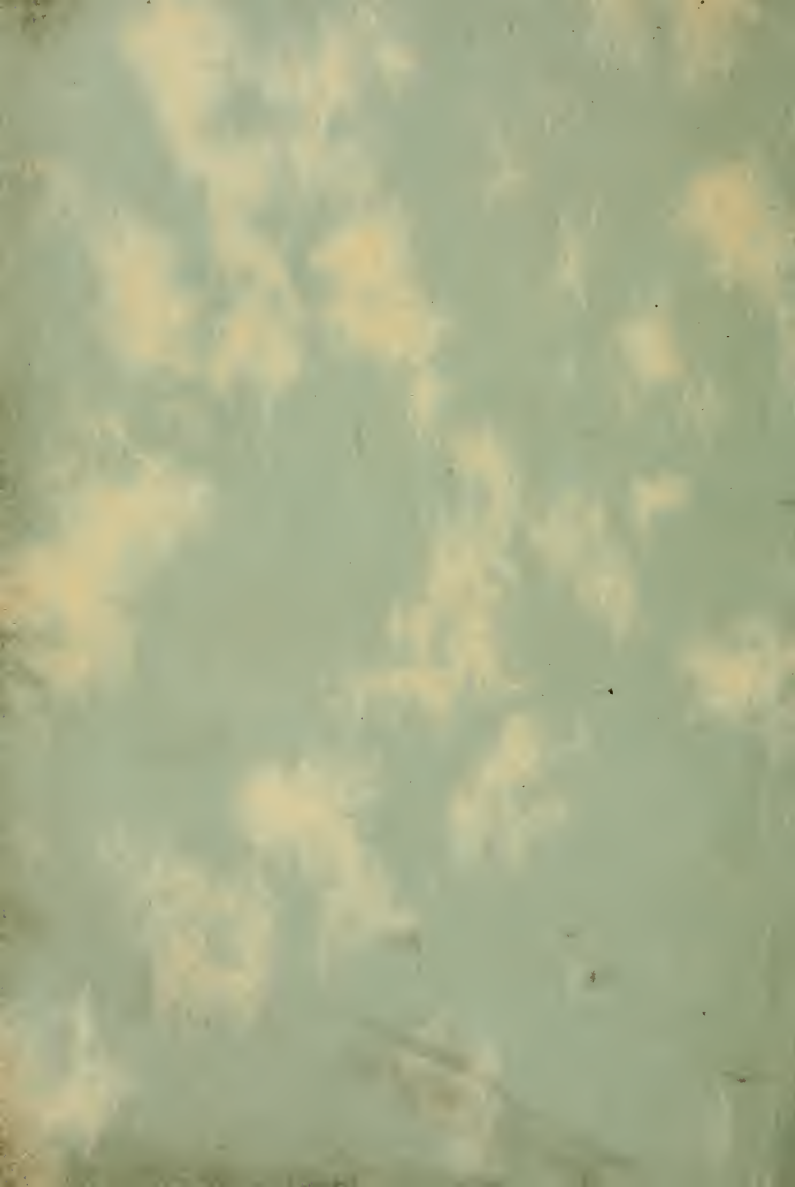
L'enboi

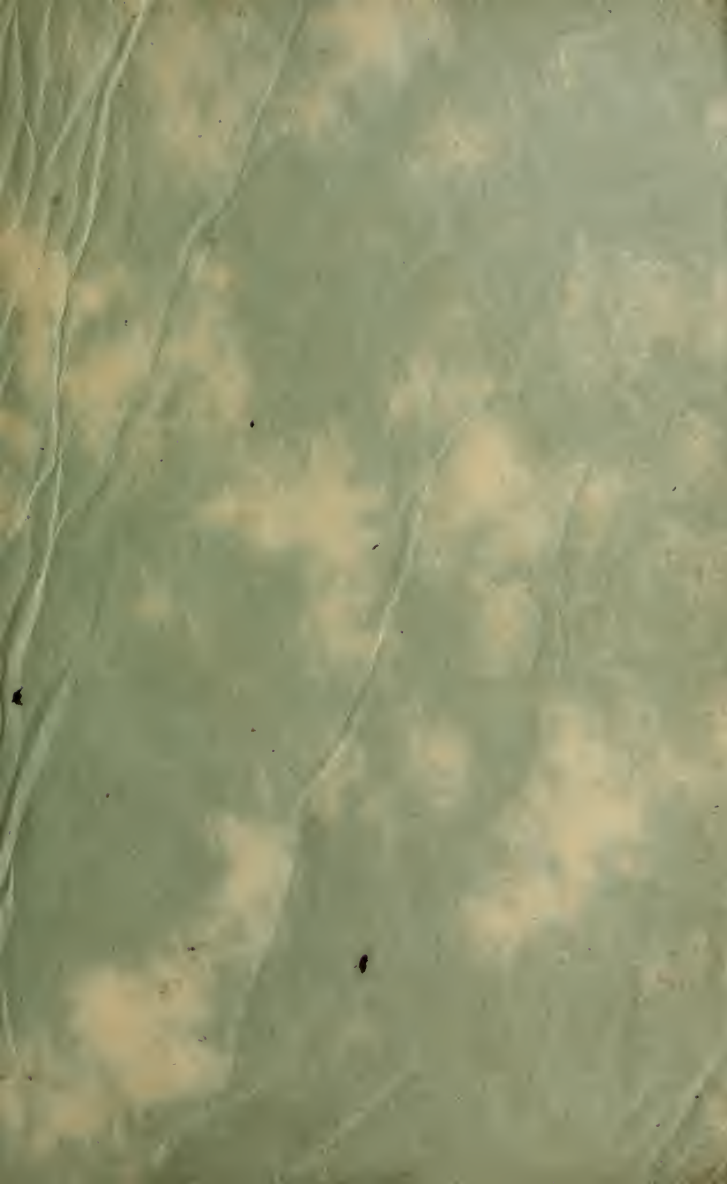
The night may be dark, yet we dream of a day ;
The cloud may be dark, but beyond there's a
ray ;

The sight may be dim, but with Faith are we
blest.

And the Master rewards us with peace and
with rest.







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